

## Home Reading.

An Unpublished Poem.  
BY THE LATE REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D.  
I saw it in the midnight dream,  
Ere slumber's charm was o'er me:  
A little basket in the bower  
Of noon-day stood before me;  
Its beauty was exceeding rare,  
And yet 'twas no less fair than fair.

So fair, it seemed some elfin hand  
From fairy land had brought it;  
So frail, it seemed some fairy hand  
Of gossamer had wrought it.  
Its bower was down, 'twas filled with flowers  
Gathered from Flora's choicest bower.

Yet through its sides, in every part,  
Their sweet perfume was stealing;  
Twas like a wileless maiden's heart  
Its inmost thoughts revealing;  
And soon methought, a singing maid  
Was sitting there, those flowers broid.

As grew, like hope, the flowery wreath  
Beneath her flying fingers,  
She seemed, with half a sigh, to breathe—  
"How long the moment lingers."  
Thus as I gazed, methought decay  
Came o'er me, and I passed away.

The blast of death had o'er me swept,  
Ere yet that wreath was broid.  
And in the silent grave I slept  
Before those flowers were faded;  
And soon, above my ashes grew  
The mournful cypress and the yew.

I dreamed that when a few brief years  
Were passed, my parted spirit  
Came back to trace the joys and fears  
That once it did inherit:  
Just as the man comes back to trace  
The scenes of childhood's dwelling place.

I saw the little basket stand  
In all its fairy lightness  
Even as before, but time's rude hand  
Had dimmed its snowy whiteness;  
And now among its flowers were seen  
Full many a dark sod evergreen.

But where was she? I seemed to hear  
An unseen spirit singing;  
I woke in my listening ear  
The music still was ringing—  
The lightest, fairest things we see  
Are not so light and frail as we."

## Adieu to Saratoga.

THE KENSINGTON,  
SARATOGA, Sept. 10.

Saratoga is by no means deserted as yet, but the time has come to say, once more, Farewell! It is hard to realize that already another summer has flown—and that just beyond yonder blue mountains which are dimly outlined against the northern horizon, wintry winds are lurking, and Jack Frost is already peeping over the hillsides, with the thermometer down to 35° early this morning in Saratoga. It is no wonder that people began to long once more for their home firesides, as they shivered in the keen, frosty air. But in despite of the cool mornings and evenings, the weather is truly superb, and the air is more bracing than a tonic. Last week we made a trip to Mount McGregor, which is about twelve miles from Saratoga. The day was exceptionally fine, and the atmosphere so lucid that a magnificent view was afforded from the top of the mountain. The Green Mountains of Vermont on the east, the Adirondacks stretching away toward the north, the blue Catskill ranges in the south, pictured in waving curves their blue and purpling tints against the autumnal sky; while in the nearer distance a vast expanse of country, including forests, rivers, and streams, green fields and dairy gemmed meadows, and numerous towns and villages were all spread beneath our view in a never-to-be-forgotten picture. From the new hotel which is now being erected upon the summit of the mountain, superb views of the surrounding country will be afforded, and it would be hard to find a more healthful retreat.

Leaving the more prosy locomotive and passenger cars behind us, we came pushing down the mountain side in an open "observation" hand-car with the speed of the wind. This expedition had a little spice of at least imaginary danger in it, which gave a zest to the trip, and which did not prevent the thorough enjoyment of the fine glimpses of scenery we had as we flew along. The fresh breeze blowing strongly in our faces acted as an inspiration, and it is our firm belief that if the numerous elegy who have been summering here this season could take a few trips down this mountain, in this same hand-car, they would preach better sermons than they do, for the rest of the year! Our thanks are due to Mr. Frye, of Saratoga, for the special ride in the hand-car, and to Mr. George W. Farnham, the genial proprietor of the "American," and the vivacious widow from Boston who accompanied us, for the day's entertainment; for, if the truth must be told, there is nothing like a really independent widow from Boston, who was not born under the stars and stripes for nothing, to add the needed spice of vivacity to any gathering.

Departures instead of arrivals are now the order of the day, and yet fresh visitors come to stay in with every train, just to take a look at the Springs before returning homeward from the mountains. The Social Scientists closed their convention upon Friday last. They have packed their portmanteaus and disappeared, in despite of their reputed profundity, like the small flame of a candle which goes out suddenly under one snap of the snuffers! It would be hard to realize upon this mundane sphere all the Utopian ideas of reform which were advanced by the Social Science people, yet many of the papers read, and the speeches made, were full of interest, furnishing much food for reflection. Dr. Dio Lewis, the well-known "sanitarian," was present throughout the meetings, and made some interesting remarks. Among prominent members of the bench and bar who attended were Mr. Grossbeck, of Cincinnati, who is a gentleman of fine, impressive appearance, eloquent and profound in speech; Judge MacArthur, of the Supreme Court of Washington, who is preparing an educational work in his leisure hours in Saratoga; Judge Pierce, of Philadelphia; Hon. John M. Gregory, of New York, who read an excellent paper upon the "American Civil Service"; Hon. C. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, D. C., who read a paper upon "International Ethics." Other addresses were made by Prof. Wayland and Prof. Platt, of Yale College; Dr. Hunt, of Trenton; Mr. George E. Waring, of Newark; R. L. Dr. Walter Channing of Boston; Lucy M. Hall, M. D., of Mass.; Dr. Crothers, of Hartford; and Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Springfield, Mass. One of the most interesting speakers of the convention was a gentleman from Calcutta, Prof. Chundar Mazoomdar, who spoke

most learnedly and eloquently upon the different races in India and of the reformed church there, the Brahmo Samaj, of which he is a devoted member. In fact, it is stated that Mr. Protass Chundar Mazoomdar has really come to America as a missionary to convert us from our evil ways, and to throw the light of the Orient over our Western barbarism. The Americans may laugh at the absurdity of such an idea, but there is still room for improvement on this side the great ocean; nevertheless, this Hindoo gentleman is a Bengalee by birth—has fine features, and the dark, swarthy skin of his race, and all that pride of caste which marks the true Brahmin.

The National Prison Association held their meeting in conjunction with the Social Scientists upon Friday, and there was an interesting debate upon the question of convict labor in prisons, and as to the advisability of the contract system as now carried on.

After considerable discussion, in which several managers of prisons and one or two large contractors took part, it seemed to be settled that the contract system was better than any other which could be at present substituted for it, since no opposing resolutions were carried. The advent of the Paterson Guards from New Jersey, gave an air of gayety to Saratoga last week. They attended the hops at the Union in full uniform; they gave piazza concerts with their very fine band, and, upon the day of their departure, treated all to the "dudes' parade," which was a laughable series of evolutions performed with the aid of numerous village carts and horses upon Broadway. Excursions to Lake George, to Schuylerville, Stillwater, and other places of familiar resort near Saratoga are now in order, and help to pass the time pleasantly. The County Fair will open to-morrow at Ballston Spa, six miles away, and will doubtless attract many fashionable as well as rural visitors. Ballston Spa was once more widely known than Saratoga as a watering place resort, but the day of its fashionable glory has long since departed. Still, it is an interesting place to visit, and the old Sans Souci Hotel, once the scene of many worldly pleasures, still stands to attract and interest the visitor. But the hour grows late—the red sun is sinking behind the western hills, the new moon hangs like a misty crescent in the sky. Another summer has gone forever—and so, once more, adieu to Saratoga!

SOPHIE SPARKLE.

## No Trouble in the Choir.

"I think you treated us very unkindly in saying that we had a fight in our choir," murmured the contralto, taking the chair the religious editor placed for her, and straightening her hat. "You hurt the feelings of everybody, and I don't see any good of it."

"But didn't you have a fight?" protested the religious editor. "Didn't the tenor or say the soprano didn't know any more about music than a logarithm does about the doctrine of infant baptism?"

"I know that," conceded the contralto. "And he was right. She don't. But she's a cross-grained old maid, and the sooner we get rid of her the better."

"And didn't the basso take the soprano's side, and hit the tenor on the nose?" continued the religious editor.

"I know he did," replied the contralto.

"And he was all in the wrong. That tenor is perfectly lovely, and the soprano got mad because he was to sing a duet with me. But I don't see why you wanted to pitch into him. Why didn't you say the soprano had been flirting with the baritone for six months, in spite of his being a married man? What did you want to put it all on the tenor for?"

"I don't know anything about that," retorted the religious editor. "Somebody told me that the tenor took you to the church picnic, and that all the row grew out of the fact that the soprano told his wife."

"So she did, the meddling old maid. It was none of her business. He didn't take her, and he isn't likely to. We never had any trouble in that choir until she got to poking her nose into everybody's business. Say, I wish you would come out and state that the choir is perfectly harmonious, and the paper was mistaken in its report about the difficulty."

"Of course I will, if there is any truth in it," responded the religious editor. "Is the difficulty all over?"

"It will be as soon as the tenor gets his hands on the organist! He has been giving his mouth a holiday, and saying that the tenor wants to get the soprano out, so he can get another one in, who used to sing in the same church up in the country. As soon as I heard that I told his wife she had better keep a look out for her husband. She told him about it, and he said there wasn't a word of truth in it; and now she is keeping a watch on him, and he can't go home from choir practice with me until it blows over. I don't see why a tenor's wife should be so jealous of him!"

"So he's going to thump the organist, is he?" inquired the religious editor.

"If he can catch him before he gets over me, he will. I wish you would say that all the differences in the choir have been settled, and that the congregation are anxious to have a new soprano. Will you do that for me?"

"Certainly," replied the religious editor. " Didn't I hear something about the alto leaving the choir?"

"No such luck as that," sighed the contralto. "She's as much a fixture as the contribution box. She and the bald-headed basso are as thick as the notes in a long run, but I have put a spoke in her wheel by telling his wife that he held her hand all day when we were practising the Easter music. She won't bother me and the tenor any more until she gets out of that scrape."

I wish you would criticize that basso's voice. He can't sing any more than a lobster, and when he puts me out the leader looks hard at me, and says I will have to do better if I am going to stay in that choir! I'd like to see him try to put me out! My husband would wring his neck for him!"

"So you are married, too, are you?" murmured the religious editor.

"Of course I am," replied the contralto. "To be sure!" said the King. "And who else should you be? And seeing you have answered my four questions, I suppose I must be as good as my word, and suffer you to go scot-free."

At this Jose fell on his knees at the feet of the King, and confessed the trick which the Buddhist monks had fallen upon to escape from their embarrassments; and the King, being highly amused by the whole affair, very freely pardoned the imposition and took the witty miller into service. And Jose played his part so well in those times, when blows were the current coin of all Castile, that some thirty or forty years afterward the house of San Millan, in consideration of a welcome addition to their glebe and vineyard, performed a bounteous allowance of masses for the spiritual repose of Don Jose de la Molina.

GUSTAVE DORE was a lover of music.

His voice was a rich baritone, and he

played on piano, flute, guitar, and violin.

When jested once upon his celibacy, he

said, referring to his mother and his art,

"What would you have? I am already

twice married. Must a man be a Turk to

prove that he is of domestic turn?"

## Oriental Wit.

A young man going on a journey entrusted a hundred *deuars* to an old man; when he came back the old man denied having any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Kaaee.

"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree."

"Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal."

The young man went in wonder.

After he had been gone some time, the Kaaee said to the old man:

"He is long—do you think he has got there yet?"

"No," said the old man, "it is at some distance; he has not got there yet."

"How knowest thou, old man?" cried the Kaaee, "where that tree is?"

The young man returned, and said the tree would come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence—the money is thine."

## The King's Four Questions.

There was once, you know, a king of Castile, called Don Alonso, the learned; and truly he was more learned than wise, for he had the presumption to say that if his counsel had been taken at the creation of the world he could have arranged things much more conveniently than we find them; and the ancient writings tell us that God punished him for his impurity with many and grievous afflictions in his old age. Well, Don Alonso was pricking on towards Aranda, at the head of a troop of lancers, when darkness overtook him near the convent of San Millan de Cogolllos. Of course it was resolved, as of common accord, to demand hospitality towards revealed truth. He disclaims any desire for reputation, and aims to make his work practical and suggestive, especially to the "average" man in pulpit and pew. He then eulogizes such writers as Jenkyn, Harris, Bushnell, the elder Skinner, and Jonathan Edwards; but particularly Edwards. The next chapter is devoted to the materialistic tendencies of the time, with some pungent remarks on Sunday school and other sacred songs. This leads to a consideration of a "dead church and a slumbering world," and hence chapter iii. is a large (and for conventional people, not very pleasant) discussion of the ministry and its education, including the *curriculum* of the theological seminaries, and the pecuniary advantages given to students by the church.

The strictly theological part of the volume now begins. It successively treats of the mediation of Christ, and of the relation of angels and devils to his kingdom. This introduces a full series of sections upon moral evil, and the final judgment pronounced on the devils. Following comes the "humiliation of Christ," together with a chapter on the pre-existence of Christ's human nature, and an ample treatment on the nature of redemption and the joy of the angels respecting it. Dr. Sherwood then turns to the subjective side and views the relation of the resurrection, the general judgment, and the future state of man. The book closes with a sketch of the future of the universe, with its everlasting song, and its new heaven and new earth.

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It can thus be seen that to attempt any exhaustive or thorough analysis of its contents is beyond our space. But we should be glad if this were possible.

It would enable us to say with some particular reference what we must now say in general, namely, that the volume before us—in spite of what we must regard as a slightly unfortunate title—is a contribution to current thought which may well attract notice. It has already been sharply criticised—a fact which Dr. Sherwood no doubt anticipated for his timidity in giving it the shape it bears. It will awaken opposition on the part of those who are contented with ecclesiastical matters as they stand.

And while we should ourselves have preferred a less hortatory and familiar style in its composition, it is only fair to say that it is written in that vein which attracts people toward sermons; and which makes every new theological departure a subject of popular interest. This work is orthodox, but it is highly uncommon, and there are those who will not think less of it for the fact.

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It is on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Cout and Howell, of counsel for the complainant, and of the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgagor in the bill of complaint in this case, and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant is able to get any information, and that his other acts or devices, if any he have, are unknown to him.

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